

the side of righteousness wherever they are. It was one of Mr. Moody's favorite sayings that "A man should not count as one, but should weigh a ton."

Another principle of Mr. Moody's for which the school stands is that no young man should expect others to do for him what is in his own power. The student at Mount Hermon pays only \$54 for each term of sixteen weeks, but this he must furnish and when his money is gone he stops school and goes to work earning more. Another idea of Mr. Moody's was to keep the school going all the time. He abhorred an idle building as he did a lazy boy, so the year is divided into three terms of sixteen weeks each, and the course is so arranged that the student can drop out for one or more terms and come back and take up his studies where he left them.

During the summer term only, provisions are made for young men who see no way of obtaining a fuller education, but would like to spend a period of two weeks up, in a special study of the Bible and other branches. In such an opening as this Mr. Moody is still saying to every earnest young man, "Do you want to serve God and your country better? If so here is a helping hand toward doing it."

Young men who want to know more about Mount Hermon should write to the Principal at Mount Hermon, Mass.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HOMES

DAISY E. LYDICK

Home is one of the most precious, sweet, welcome and soulful words in the English language. Around it centres affection, interest, duty, sacrifice, care, joy and blessing; our home, my home, thy home, your home. To fully appreciate our home we need sometimes to go from it. Blessings brighten as they decrease, so home is valued more highly by being deprived of its comforts and delights, its sanctity, its protection. Home is where the heart and affection is; where love reigns and duty binds; where children bless and renew our years; where confidence and mutual esteem dwell; where all is forgiven; where peace reigns. This picture what all homes should be and may become if each and all will try to do their part. Home requires all its inmates to contribute toward its happiness. How many live in houses but do not enjoy a home. One or two rooms may be made a delightful home; how the rooms bespeak an atmosphere of peace and joy, or discontent and unhappiness, the very walls and carpets reflect the mental, spiritual and moral conditions of their owners.

The happiness of homes depends upon good housekeeping, orderly and well directed. Where there is a place for everything, and system, cleanliness and industry are the daily habits of those who occupy the rooms. Where neatness, taste and a knowledge of cooking are ingrafted in the daughters. Habits acquired in girlhood are apt to follow them thru life. If disorder, laziness or

procrastination are indulged in by the girl, as a wife and mother these will grow and strengthen, but if discipline is early taught and good habits formed, they will become easy, natural and persistent thru life. Outward disorder is the natural expression of the internal condition.

Sisters' S. C. E.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Before telling you about the mission as promised the last time, I want to attend to what concerns the S. S. C. E. direct and therefore of first importance.

To do mission work is only *one* of the three purposes of our organization. While my work has been here since last fall my interest is by no means confined to this city. I have lately been thinking a great deal about the different societies visited and I wonder if they are doing their best for Christ and the church. But I am drifting. I started to say as requested by the treasurer, that the kind friends who have taken S. S. C. E. pledges whether for missions, superannuated ministers, or the Bible class, will please renew their kindness and at once make their next dollar payment, so the treasury may be kept supplied. Send it to Mrs. Augustine so she need not write you first.

I shall now try to answer how relief work is done without a special fund for that purpose. Not rescue, but relief work has been a prominent feature of the Whole Gospel Mission, probably the *most* prominent. As the warm days come we trust there'll be little occasion to feed and clothe the poor only to visit the sick, for we do not forget that one soul is of more value than the whole number of bodies in the world. But to minister to the body has proven an excellent method to win the hearts of people, so that not only the ones who receive help but also those who know of our work have learned to trust us. When thru Christian deeds you gain the confidence of the unsaved, strangers tho they be, it doesn't require so much persuasion to lead them to your Saviour. So we may surely look for an ingathering of souls after Brother Bowman returns from his evangelistic trip in April.

A little mission like this has an advantage over the larger churches in relief as well as rescue work. The churches are supposed to be strong enough to help the poor in their own neighborhood, especially their own poor, and this considered not more than their duty. But a mission not depending on any board or church for support, and that has only the interest of the most needy at heart, may with a little skill, secure the co-operation of the organized charities. There are a number of these organizations in this city and we have learned to make use of them. Their business is to provide for the poor.

When in our door-to-door work we meet a family in need or if such a case is reported to the mission, we at once send word to one

of these charity societies. In a day or two one of their visitors calls at the home to find if the case is worthy of help. Ah, here is the question. If the strong breath brands them as unworthy, what can be done anyway except to relieve sudden distress. What has brought them to such a condition? There are many things very perplexing, very wrong. Will it be any different until Jesus comes to reign? Pardon the side thoughts, they crowd so. When the visitor reports the need, an order for groceries is sent from the main office, which doesn't last like the widow's meal. Between orders, we often have occasion to call on the more fortunate brethren of the mission, who spare from their table. It is mainly in this way that clothing has been provided for as the small pox have kept the societies from handling clothing. This is a general idea, I'll be more specific in the next letter. I have been writing this at the bedside of one of the unfortunate poor, and this work gives me little time at home. Later I shall speak of this family.

"Just one more thought" a beautiful one to close with, not because of the dollar in the letter, but the lovely spirit manifested by the sister from Falls City who wants to strew flowers now, and send a message of Christian love and encouragement. "All for Jesus."

VIANNA DETWILER

2000 S. 17th St. Phila.

Our Young People

Thru Death to Life

HORATIUS BONAR

The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon; it but goes
To shine in other skies, then re-appear
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, when, o'er the rock,
It pours its flood into the abyss below;
Its scattered force re-gathering from the shock,
It hastens onward, with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shadowing orb
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray:
It still is shining on; and soon to us
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad
ground;

Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance
round.

The dew-drop dies not, when it leaves the flower,
And passes upward on the beam of morn;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished, when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow;
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live:
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew-drop, and the
gold;

Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould,

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.